



## THE DEAN YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

Now in the waning days of the school year when the hardest heart grows mellow and the very air is charged with memories, let us pause for a moment and pay tribute to that overworked and underappreciated campus figure, your friend and mine, the dean of students.

Policeman and confessor, shepherd and seer, warden and oracle, proconsul and pal, the dean of students is by far the most enigmatic of all academicians. How can we understand him? Well sir, perhaps the best way is to take an average day in the life of an average dean. Here, for example, is what happened last Thursday to Dean Killjoy N. Dumper of Duluth A and M.

At 6 a.m. he woke, dressed, lit a Marlboro, and went up on the roof of his house to remove the statue of the Founder which had been placed there during the night by high-spirited undergraduates.

At 7 a.m. he lit a Marlboro and walked briskly to the campus. (The Dean had not been driving his car since it had been placed on the roof of the girls dormitory by high-spirited undergraduates.)

At 7:45 a.m. he arrived on campus, lit a Marlboro, and climbed the bell tower to remove his secretary who had been placed there during the night by high-spirited undergraduates.

At 8 a.m. he reached his office, lit a Marlboro, and met with Dertner Sigafos, editor of the student newspaper. Young Sigafos had been writing a series of editorials urging the United States to annex Canada. When his editorials had evoked no response, he had taken matters into his own hands. Accompanied by his sports editor and two copy readers, he had gone over the border and conquered Manitoba. With great patience and several excellent Marlboro Cigarettes, the Dean persuaded young Sigafos to give Manitoba back. Young Sigafos, however, insisted on keeping Winnipeg.

At 9 a.m. the Dean lit a Marlboro and met with Erwin J. Bender, president of

the local Sigma Chi chapter, who came to report that the Deke house had been put on top of the Sigma Chi house during the night by high-spirited undergraduates.

At 10 a.m. the Dean lit a Marlboro and went to umpire an intramural softball game on the roof of the law school where the campus basketball diamond had been placed during the night by high-spirited undergraduates.

At 12 noon the Dean had a luncheon meeting with the president of the university, the bursar, the registrar, and the chairman of the English department at the bottom of the campus swimming pool where the faculty dining room had been placed during the night by high-spirited undergraduates. Marlboros were passed after lunch, but not lit owing to the dampness.

At 2 p.m., back in his office, the Dean lit a Marlboro and received the Canadian minister of war who said that unless young Sigafos gave back Winnipeg, Canada would march. Young Sigafos was summoned and agreed to give back Winnipeg if he could have Saskatoon.



The Canadian minister of war at first refused, but finally agreed after young Sigafos placed him on the roof of the mining and metallurgy building.

At 3 p.m. the Dean lit a Marlboro and met with a delegation from the student council who came to present him with a set of muffled luggage in honor of his fifty years' service as dean of students. The Dean promptly packed the luggage with his clothing and Marlboros and fled to Utica, New York, where he is now in the aluminum siding game.

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To the dean of students and all you other hard-working academic types, here's the new word in smoking pleasure from the makers of Marlboro—king-size unfiltered Philip Morris Commander. Welcome aboard.



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